



HOT SHOTS & COFFEE POTS

*A peaceful and
relaxing Sunday*

By MARIE ALLEN CURTIS

>We awoke one Sunday morning in February to the unmistakable hush-hush of steadily falling snow. There was no sound of passing trucks or cars — no sound at all. Several inches of snow already were on the ground with the look of much more to come.

Morning chores seemed to take a bit longer than usual — milking cows, feeding goats, calves and chickens — but there was time for a leisurely breakfast of bacon, eggs and muffins, since all church services were can-

celled. With breakfast over and dishes done, we settled down close to the woodstove for a quiet morning of reading, meditation and music.

Our Wayne County, Pa. farm is situated in a valley between two steep hills. The house and most of the farm buildings are on a flat plain between two creeks which follow the valley. The road, on the other hand, runs down one hill, along the pasture, across the creeks and up the other hill along the maple woods. The only way out of this valley is up, so we resigned ourselves to a day without travel.

At ten o'clock the telephone rang. Our retired neighbors were harboring a couple whose car had slid into the ditch. Could Ralph possibly pull them out with his tractor? Yes, he could.

He pulled on boots and jacket and went out into the storm to start the tractor. Half an hour later he was back, stamping his feet. Leaving his snow-covered boots and jacket to dry by the stove, he sat down again with his book.

Soon we heard a muffled knock at the door. A father and his teen-age son, on the way to their "country place," had neglected to put on snow tires. "It was only raining in New Jersey." Could my husband help them get their pick-up out of the ditch?

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